

THE AGE OF PROGRESS.

Devoted to the Development and Propagation of Truth, the Emancipation and Cultivation of the Human Mind.

STEPHEN ALBRO, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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VOLUME I.—NO. 1.

Poetry.

The Kansas Emigrants.

We cross the prairie as of old
The pilgrims crossed the sea,
To make the West, as they the East,
The homestead of the free.

We go to rear a wall of men
On freedom's southern line,
And plant beside the cotton tree
The rugged northern pine.

We're flowing from our native hills
As our free rivers flow;
The blessing of our mother land
Is on us as we go.

We go to plant her common schools
On distant prairie swells,
And give the Sabbath of the wild
The music of her bells.

Uplifting, like the ark of old,
The Bible in our van,
We go to test the truth of God
Against the fraud of man.

No pause, no rest, save where the streams
That feed the Kansas run,
Save where our pilgrim gonfalon
Shall float the setting sun!

We'll sweep the prairie, as of old,
Our fathers swept the sea,
And make the West, as they the East,
The homestead of the free!

J. G. W.

Miscellany.

THE ROSICRUCIAN.

"Who is that singular-looking man?" said Carl Merler, to one who stood near him, in a Coffee-house, at Mannheim.

"Who?—the tall man in brown?"

"The same—do you know him?"

"I can hardly tell—every one who comes here knows him—and yet, he is known to nobody. He is said to be an Immortal—an invisible."

"Immortal!—how?—Invisible! The man is six feet, or more—you jest."

"More plainly, he is a worshipper of the Rosy Cross—a visionary; half chemist; half mystic; whose character you may hear from every body in the room, all of whom will speak confidently of him, and all differently. From one, you will hear that he is a man of genius, and a philosopher—from another, a fool; from a third, a madman."

"An illuminate, perhaps?"

"No—not exactly so. There is nothing, as it seems, political in his reveries—nothing relative to the ordinary concerns of humanity. He mixes with no one. It is not known that he keeps up any correspondence by letters. His manners are mild and urbane, and his demeanor, as you may observe, serious and contemplative. You, now, know all that any one appears to know of his habits or character."

"What is his name?"

"I know not—nor have I ever heard him addressed by name."

"Does he inhabit this city?"

"An old chateau, two miles hence, close by the Rhine, is his residence. He has no visitors, and of his domestic life, of course, nothing is known. What is the hour?"

"Half after eight."

"So late?—I must be gone. Farewell!"

The individual who had given rise to the young man's inquiries, was a man whose appearance was, at once, striking and prepossessing—the latter phrase is, perhaps, too weak. His large frame, it is true, gave him, at the first glance, a somewhat ungainly appearance, which, however, vanished when his countenance was observed. It was pale and clear; the features of the face were deeply traced; the forehead broad and capacious; the temples full and bare. Merler gazed and gazed, and became more and more anxious for a more intimate knowledge of this visionary—if such he was.

The room began to assume the mellow, deep tinge of an autumn evening. The stranger laid down the paper he had been reading, and left the house.

Day after day, Carl Merler resorted to the same place, and it generally happened that he saw the individual of whom he was in fact, though almost unconsciously to himself, in quest. Still he was not better acquainted with him than before. If he made inquiries, he learned nothing from the answers which added to his previous stock of information. It happened too, (remarkable as he thought,) that no opportunity ever occurred for the interchange, between them, of those little civilities, that continually take place between persons whom habit or accident bring together. His curiosity increased.

One evening it chanced that all the company had left the room except Carl Merler and the object in whom he felt so unaccountable an interest. The latter was reading a pamphlet; the former, as usual, alternately studying the appearance of his companion, and creating theories of his real station and character.

It was while involved in one of these theories, that his attention was awakened by some one's drawing a chair to the table where he sat. He looked up, and saw opposite to him the object of his thoughts. He was confused—rose up—resumed his seat and looked hesitatingly at his companion, who calmly returned his glance.

The stranger smiled.

"Do you want anything with me?" he said, turning his full bright eyes, not unpleasantly on Carl Merler.

"Sir?"

The stranger repeated his question.

"No!—I am not aware that—that is—"

"Pardon me—you are aware. You have sought me here—no, not once, nor twice, nor thrice, but day after day, and for weeks. I know that you sought me. And yet you say that you have no business with me."

"At least I know of none."

"Well, then, I will tell you. You would know who and what is the solitary individual, of whom you have heard that he is alchemist, dreamer, Rosicrucian—what not. Is it not so?"

"I confess that my curiosity has been strongly—I fear impudently—at work, since my first visit to this place."

"Impudently? Why so? Every man is, and ought to be, subject to the inquisition of his fellows. He only who has cause to fear, will object to the jurisdiction—I have none. Once, again—you wish to know who I am, and what are my pursuits?"

"Since you ask me—I do."

"Very well—come and see!"

The stranger arose, took his hat and departed, accompanied by Merler. They passed through several streets, and proceeding beyond the confines of the town, found themselves on the pleasant borders of the abundant river. They wound their course among the vineyards that clothed the banks.

"See, what an evening!" said the stranger, as they lingered for a moment, under the shade of a lime tree. And it was an evening fit to be spent and enjoyed on the banks of the Rhine.

The sun just sinking over the green levels of the vine plantations—the rapid waters, rejoicing in his purple glow—the little neat cottages of the peasants—and the gay song and happy step of the peasants themselves, as they rejoiced in the work of the harvest—fell at once on the eye and ear with such a lively accordancy, that the spirit was charmed, and forgot that the days of purity and bliss—the reign of paradise—were no longer on the earth.

They walked on, still admiring the scene, that changed every instant; looking now at some lazy vessel, that came floating down the stream, with its great sails flapping idly about, in quest of the breeze; and now at some half-ruined tower or dismantled dwelling, that stood gloomy and disintegrated where every thing around was jocund, fresh and delightful. It was at one of these habitations, in somewhat better repair than the others which they had seen, that the stranger stopped, and announced to his companion that their journey was at an end.

Taking its external aspect, it was a sombre and comfortless building—half French and half Gothic; surrounded by a garden, dark, cheerless, and neglected. The gate in the garden wall creaked dolefully as it opened; and again, as the owner of the pile closed and locked it, as they entered.

The path along which they proceeded, was overgrown with thick weeds; and here and there a fallen garden statue interrupted their progress. They arrived at the door of the mansion, a wicket in which was opened by an old and feeble woman.

"Let me now introduce you to my mansion," said Merler's host—"no very splendid one, perhaps, for one whose fame has passed through the converse of all the good people of Mannheim. It suffices, however, for my wants, and more is not needed. This is my library."

It was a capacious room, three sides of which were covered with shelves, well stocked with books. The third was occupied, partly by the window which admitted light to the apartment, partly by a cabinet, the doors of which were open, and partly by one or two full-length portraits, suspended in huge, heavy, painted frames. A large table occupied the centre of the floor; upon which, as well as around the room, were arranged numerous mathematical and philosophical instruments, books, maps and papers. The shelves of the cabinet were loaded with phials.

The stranger took a place in the window-seat, and motioned to Merler to follow his example.

"Are you not convinced," said he, "that you have to do with a wizard? Does this apparatus capture your imagination?"

"I see nothing here," replied Merler; "unsuited to the library of any man of scientific habits."

"What! yet incredulous!" returned the other with a smile—follow me, then!"

Merler complied; as his host, taking a key from the cabinet, unlocked a small door, near the window, and descended a flight of stone stairs. Arrived at their termination, Merler found himself in a low vaulted chamber. It was full of the instruments with which the alchemists are said to torture the elements of things, in their endeavors to attain boundless wealth, and unceasing health. Several furnaces were burning with a light-green flame.

"Now," said the conductor to Merler, "you see what are my occupations?"

"You are an alchemist, then,—a seeker for that which so many have failed to find?"

"Hardly so. I have wealth to satisfy my wants, without resorting to the transmutation of metals; and he who has passed half a century on the earth, will scarce wish for the *elixir vite*."

"Perhaps you disbelieve in its existence?"

"No! the powers of the human mind, when free from the clogs of sensual desires, are nearly illimitable. I could discover those secrets

—I have accomplished more. But I wish not for them."

"What, then, has been the object of your inquiries?"

"Neither, as I have told you, to acquire golden dross—which many have prostituted the paths of philosophy to obtain, as a means of gaining luxuries and indulgences, and which the motive of their search has, alone, withheld them from discovering—nor to increase the number of my days here. My object has been, during the time allotted to me, to partake of a double existence—a spiritual one, peculiar to those who have had the firmness and courage to attain to it—as well as the fleshly one, which I enjoy, in common with the rest of my species."

"I do not perfectly comprehend."

"I know it. When we have left this place, I will explain myself."

There was a short pause, during which Merler examined, more minutely, the appearance and furniture of the apartment. The walls, ceiling, and floor, were of stone; the various utensils, which were placed on all sides, were partly of glass, and partly of metal.

"How is it," said Merler, "that, though your furnaces are apparently at work, I perceive none of the deleterious vapors with which their operations are, usually, accompanied?"

"Because," replied his companion, "every thing here, has reached that state in which matter is sublimed, and loses its grosser particles. My labors, now, are not to find, or to invent, but to continue and perfect that of which I have long been possessed. Look at this!"

"I see nothing more than an empty phial—of crystal I think—and very transparent," said Merler, as he held the vessel between the eye and the lamp.

"So it seems to you," said his companion—

"Yet it is full—full to the stopper."

"What, then, is this invisible substance?"

"Dew—the purest, most refined, dew of heaven—the most powerful dissolvent of matter."

"I remember to have heard of it, as one of the agents employed by the alchemical philosophers. Light is, I think, another."

"It is. Look once again!"

He unstopped one of his retorts, and poured out the contents of the phial. A light, brilliant beyond imagination, but, withal, so soft that it dazzled not Merler's eyes, issued from the aperture. At the same moment, the lamp became extinguished.

"See," said Merler's conductor, "how grosser light is unable to sustain the pressure of the pure element! If you please, we will withdraw."

They ascended the stairs, and again entered the library.

"I have displayed to you," said the philosopher, "the agents with which I work; and this, because I can read the characters of men at a glance, and yours pleased me. I know that I can confide in you; nay, no protestations! I know it. The end to which I have applied these agents you shall know, before we part. Meanwhile, partake of my humble meal; the body has its wants, as well as the mind."

The host set only of the salad; though in regard to his visitor, more substantial food had been prepared. When the meal was ended, the former rose.

"I will now," said he, "perform my promise; but first, examine this picture!" He pointed to one of the portraits that hung from the wall.

It was of a man, apparently about thirty, clothed in the dress of a monk, and whose square jaw betokened him of the order of Capuchins. Merler examined the features, again and again; and, as often, turned from the contemplation of the picture, to look upon his host.

"Enough!" said the latter; "you discern the resemblance?"

"Perfectly," said Merler.

"Look there, then!"

It was the picture of a female, to which Merler's attention was thus directed. The countenance was sad, but full of intelligence, and beautiful as the depths of a summer's evening. Under each of the pictures, the letters F. R. C., and the symbol of the cross, denoted that the originals were followers of what has been, generally, called the Rosicrucian philosophy.

"Be seated! and you shall know what I have to relate."

"My name is Freybourg. I am, by birth, a German, though of French parentage. I was, by nature, studious; and my attention was soon directed to the marvels of natural philosophy. An eager, and even painful thirst after novel information, kept me constantly on the alert; and, as my family was good, and their resources liberal, the opportunities and facilities of acquiring were not withheld—the less, as, being a younger son, it was, of course, expected that I should turn my learning to account."

There was little, however, in the objects towards which my curiosity was directed, to which the instructions of tutors was not rather an obstacle than otherwise. I learned what they had to teach, and felt that, in so doing, I had made not one step towards that which, even without knowing what it was, I inwardly panted after. Something I wanted, to satisfy the ravenous appetite I felt; something to which the cumbersome frippery of learning, which I met around me, was wholly foreign—Yet, where to seek for any satisfaction I knew not.

I grew lonely and melancholy in my habits; I sought the deepest recesses of the woods, and spent whole days sitting idly, in dark and solitary brakes, or under the shade of trees, by the side of dull and unmoved waters. I did this, till the inanities of things, among which I wandered, became my sole companions and friends.

In a chance conversation, I heard mention of the Rosicrucian doctrines, of the sixteenth century. To my mind, in its excited state, a spark was sufficient. I hailed the suggestion with rapture; rejoicing that a path was thus opened, by which to direct and steady the wandering, feverish wishes with which I was haunted.

I acquired, without much difficulty, the writings of Fludd, Kuhlman, Rosenberg, and others who had treated of the divine science. I studied them incessantly. Their phraseology was, purposely, obscure, and their meaning enveloped in terms, to the right understanding of which, I had no clue. But my aim was a noble one, and my perseverance unconquerable. By degrees I became master of the secrets which, hitherto, I had possessed in those volumes only; as a man who has a rich jewel secured in a casket which he cannot open.

Still, here was one step, only, advanced. The philosophers who had discovered the means of acquiring the hidden and mysterious knowledge that I desired, had either never attained the end of their inquiries, or had forbidden to promulgate the detail of their process. I had, thus, my tools given me; but I was, still, to learn whether I could use them successfully, where so many, before me, had failed. I bent all my energies to the task, and gained my object. In doing this, I did no more than any one may do, whose will is decided, and exertions undeviating.

Before I proceed, it is necessary that I state to you something of the additional faculties which I had now acquired. The soul, of which our fleshly body is but the habitation, is not, like the latter, bounded by the fetters of place, but, when freed from its tenement, possesses ubiquity. To liberate the spirit—so fully as to enable it to enjoy, completely, this omnipresence—is, indeed, beyond the power of divine science; and can be accomplished only by that mysterious process which, terminating our progress here, returns to their proper sources as well our material as spiritual constituents. But this power may, still, be exerted, in an inferior degree—greater, or less, as the individual's faculties are coverts.

To me, it was a source of infinite and glorious delight to disentangle myself from the narrow limits to which the observation of fallen man is confined, and dismiss, as it were, a twin spirit from myself, to penetrate the extreme parts of the earth, and, taking the wings of the morning, to gather, from every clime, all that might be culled of fair and beautiful, and good. Thus I enjoyed a double existence; and, whilst I pursued my ordinary avocations at Strasbourg, was, at the same time, roaming in thickets and jungles, by the banks of the Ganges, or contemplating, at Balbec, the prostrate temples of the Sun, and the ravages of time on the mighty cities of the earth.

It was, one day, when rambling in my other self, through one of the delightful valleys that sink at the foot of the Apennines, that I became, I may well say, the victim of a sensation as novel as enrapturing. I was seated in my study, chasing away the hours by the perusal of those enduring riches which the intellect and genius of antiquity have delivered down to us, and which show, strikingly, the weakness and the superiority of their authors, when a perception, which I well knew was conveyed through the medium of my distant spirit, burst upon me—Such a dream of purity, and excellence, and loveliness, as my wilder moods of enthusiasm (and I was, ever, a trafficker in the ideal and contemplative) had never fashioned! To you, who are yet in ignorance and thralldom, I should, in vain, endeavor to explain the manner in which this ray—burst upon me, and a most bright one—burst upon me. It came, not as a picture conveyed by the sense, not as a remembered idea, nor as a vivid creation of the fancy; it came as an inward impulse, newly born, springing up in the mind, indefinite, uncreated, but existing and fervent.

The object, which had thus been made present to me, continued not so for more than an instant; but the effect was complete. I was as one entranced; one thought alone possessed me, until I became almost unconscious even of that. A sort of lethargy of the imagination succeeded; and I hailed the hour which, bringing on the gloom of night, enabled me to seek for rest, in sleep.

Sleep came; but not, with it, extinction of the thoughts that, for the last few hours, had filled my waking existence. In dreams the same vision still haunted my mind—the same idea of inexpressible beauty was still present. Associated images, too, arose, in all the wild phantasms of dreaming. Bright eyes, burning kisses, all the array of passion, danced before me. Sometimes, I half started from these incoherent slumbers; and, at such time, light and aerial forms seemed to float around me—At length, I became exhausted with the excitation of these restless fancies, and sank into a profound and refreshing sleep.

In awaking, the first idea that presented itself, was the one by which I had been haunted,

the preceding day. Wherever I went, whatever I did, it followed me still. It became the unceasing companion of my thoughts, by day and by night.

The anxiety which I underwent, affected my constitution; and, by the advice of my family, I left home to travel in search of health. The first place I visited was the valley of the Apennines, which was so strangely connected with me. Here I wandered, for some days; but could learn nothing to direct me in my quest after the unknown object of my thoughts.

Why need I detain you, with a long and useless detail of the pains I suffered, the countries I traversed, and the disappointments I endured! Two years elapsed—and, weary of myself, of the knowledge I had labored so hard to acquire, and, in short, of the world and every thing it could offer, I determined to take the vows and habits of a Capuchin, and, rooting from my breast every remembrance of the past, to devote my future life to the meditation of nobler and more enduring subjects.

Vain were the expectations that prompted me to take this step. Had I, resolutely devoted myself to the discharge of active duties, applied my leisure hours to the cultivation of religious feelings, all would have been well. The enemy within me, then, would have lost his sharpest sting; and I might, in time, have abandoned studies which I fear, it is but too presumptuous in mortals to pursue.

I soon found that, if there be any place peculiarly consecrated to peace and content, it is not within the walls of a monastery. There is, there, no exclusion of the evil passions of the world; and, as poison acts more vigorously within a narrow compass, so it is in these societies. Besides, the uniformity of our life, the uninterrupted stream of existence in which we flowed along, threw me, more forcibly than ever, back upon myself, the very evil most to have been avoided. Amid the exercises of devotion, I found my thoughts, still, chained to another subject. I strove against them, and the irritation induced by the conflict, increased my calamity.

My brethren were, with few exceptions, men of coarse and vulgar minds—indolent, proud and malicious, (the natural infections of the monastic atmosphere.) Every thing conspired to induce me to avoid their society;—my present feelings, and the habits of my past life. They perceived it, and were not long in manifesting their dislike to me.

I was, however, too much involved in those things which continually oppressed me, to regard very greatly, the petty annoyances to which I was exposed. I endeavored to submit to these evils, contentedly; and, in this manner, five years passed on, without seeing any material change in my situation, my thoughts, or my sufferings.

About this time, our physician died; and as, when at home, I had disguised my philosophical pursuits, under the pretext of studying medicine, I had acquired a slight knowledge of the science, and was not, now, unwilling to improve it. I offered my services to our superior, and, after a few trials in trifling cases, they were accepted.

The occupation in which I thus engaged, was, necessarily, beneficial, as it occupied a portion of my thoughts, and diverted them, in some degree, from the recollections to which they incessantly veered. There was another advantage. I had occasion to make short excursions beyond the bounds of the monastery, for the sake of gathering plants and roots, for my simple pharmacy. There was something of liberty in this, and the exercise was a luxury to me.

The monastery of—was situated upon a high and almost perpendicular rock. It was rarely visited by any one, although a carriage-path had been hewn out by it, and was tolerably passable. This road divided into two branches, one of which led to some neglected stone quarries, as an approach to which the road had been originally constructed, and the other had been extended for the purposes of travelling. From this station, there was a magnificent view. Elevated far above the level of the earth, I have seen the storm raging, and the lightning flashing, below, while the unchecked sun beams fell around me above—Beyond the thick and tempestuous cloud that filled the valleys, and hung on the surrounding declivities, a smiling champagne country extended, bounded by hills distinguishable, only by a faint outline, from the sky with which they seemed to blend.

It happened that the storm-clouds had, one day, gathered in such prodigious masses, that, though the autumn had but just commenced, the monastery, and everything around, for miles, were enveloped in a thick haze, through which the rain fell slightly but incessantly. The contemplation of natural phenomena was the only thing I could call a recreation, and I came forth to enjoy the threatening of the elements.

I was well acquainted with every foot of ground in the neighborhood; otherwise, it would have been madness to have ventured beyond the wall—so easily might an incautious step have precipitated one down a precipice whose height left no possibility of escape from destruction. Even versed as I was, I found it needful to move with great care.

Whilst I was endeavoring to distinguish the forms of rocks and trees, through the gloom, and watching the dim blue fires that flashed idly, at intervals—a sudden sound met

my ear, which I was, at first, unable to account for. It was not, however, many moments before I felt convinced that a carriage was passing at no great distance. It could not be on the direct road, for I was standing on that; and the sound had passed me. At once, it struck me that the travellers, if such they were, had taken the wrong branch of the road; for, though a direction-post was placed at the point where the path divided, it would be useless, in such a gloom. The thought was terrible; for, in three minutes, unless some aid offered, they would be dashed down the precipice, which the darkness, momentarily increasing, would conceal, until discovery was too late. Already, the noise had ceased—so imperfectly is sound conducted, as you are aware, in those altitudes. I had nothing to guide me; but sprang forward, and, dropping a back of about fifteen feet, found myself on the road that led to the quarries.

Along this I speeded, almost in desperation. Again I caught the rumbling of the wheels against the uneven surface of the rock. The vehicle was going, apparently, very leisurely; and this consideration seemed to add to the horrors of the situation—there was something so sickening and appalling in the idea of human creatures going thus slowly and unconsciously, step by step to destruction. This, however, was not of long continuance. A flash of lightning, blazing across the path, frightened the horses, and they set off at a rate that almost extinguished my hopes.

One circumstance was in my favor. The road took a sweep round the base of a broad, but not very high, rock of granite; and, directly over this, was a footpath. I crossed it, and saved so much ground as to meet the carriage, within ten yards of the edge of the precipice. I endeavored to seize the reins; the horses plunged and reared almost upright; the motion of the carriage was stayed for a moment, and, in that moment, I sprang to the door, tore it open, and received, in my arms, a female, who fell senseless in the moment of her rescue. I heard the fearful cry of the expiring horses, as they were dashed under the carriage, on the rocks beneath. Two human creatures—the father and fellow-traveller of the lady, and the driver—shared the same destruction.

I lingered not, but bore her whom I had saved, as speedily as I might, to the monastery. The brethren whom I met stared, with malicious surprise, as I entered. I loudly declared my account, that the lady should have refuge, until her friends could be found, within the walls of our retirement—prison, I might better say.

I was preparing, in the presence of some of the senior brethren, to administer such slight medicines as I deemed necessary, to the object of my anxiety, when, for the first time, I saw her face. The phial which I held, dropped from my hand! I lost all sense and recollection!

When I recovered, I found myself in my cell, reclined on my pallet. By my side sat an old brother, whom I had lately attended during a severe illness, and whose gratitude, for the services I had rendered him, had been proof against all the ill-nature of the many, who looked upon me with an evil eye. He had undertaken the office of my nurse, and from him I made my inquiries.

"Where is the lady, Hilarius?"

"In the dormitory. They have sent for old Margaret, from the village, to attend her."

"It is well!—is she sensible?"

"Quite; she has inquired for you. But what caused your illness?"

"I know not; a sudden pang! Have you learned who she is?"

"No; her dress and ornaments bespeak her, probably, of wealthy connections."

"I should like, much, to see her. Does our Abbot know that she has inquired for me?"

"I believe not."

"I would he knew; I wish to visit her patient, but not without his knowledge."

"I will see that he knows," said brother Hilarius; and he rose from his seat and left me—He returned presently.

"I have seen the father," said he; "moreover I have seen your patient, and she insists, whatever Margaret says, on not retiring to rest until she has seen her preserver. You are at liberty to visit her."

"Let me then, brother, request your company." And he conducted me to the chamber where she was whom I panted to behold.

"We arrived at the door. It was with difficulty that I could conceal from my companion, the violent agitation that possessed me, and which shook every nerve, to trembling, as the autumn wind shakes the quivering autumn leaves."

"We entered the apartment. She sat at one end. I approached her; she lifted up her eyes; 'Holy Virgin!' she exclaimed, 'it is—it is he! She sprang from her seat, as she spoke, gazed earnestly at me for a moment, sank down again, and, covering her face with her hands, burst into tears."

"I was astonished and confounded. 'Does she know her father's fate?' I whispered to Hilarius."

"No," he replied; "she believes he is in the house, but unwell, and we have been scarcely able to avoid her requests to see him."

"What then, could cause her present grief?" I drew nearer to her, and spoke. I told her that I was, for the present, her physician—she interrupted me.

"I know you well," said she—"too well!"
"Nay, daughter," the word stuck in my throat, "may, how can that be?"
"Ask me not," she replied; "it were a strange and incredible tale."
"Surely," said I, half-addressing myself, "the dream cannot have been mutual."
"How—what is it you say?" said she eagerly.

"I looked around. Brother Hilary had left the apartment; the nurse sat at the farther end of the room. I sat down by my patient, and detailed to her what I have already made known to you. Yes! dead to the world—vowed to solitude and religion—I told her of the passion I had felt, and the pangs I had suffered; knowing, the while, that there was now a gulf between us, which no means could pass. It was like the dead recounting to the living object, the history of his buried love!"
"I concluded. She was still in tears, but checked them."

"It is most wonderful!" said she; "I too—she stopped, blushed and trembled—"Yet why," she resumed, "this foolish weakness? why should I not, now, confess that I too, have loved and suffered for a hitherto unknown object! at the moment when your spirit caught the fatal infection, in the valley of the Appennines, mine too, was on the wing, and hovered round you. I need not say more—your history will suggest the main features of mine—And now, answer me a question sincerely; where is my father? They told me I should see him in an hour—the time is past. Is he here? Is he ill? Heaven! your color changes! tell me—tell me, by all we have suffered, is he dead?"

"Oh no—no—no!" I answered, hastily; but the confusion of my manner gave the lie to my words. She perceived it, and, with a shriek, fell senseless to the ground.

Freyburg passed in his narrative. "Excuse me," said he, to Merle, "if even the remembrance of what I tell you stifles my voice, and calls forth my tears."

"Be assured," answered Merle, "I respect your grief. It is, perhaps, unpleasant for you now to continue your narrative; if so—"

"No—it is over," said his companion; "I will proceed."

"I raised her from the ground, and directed the nurse to place her, whilst thus unconscious in her bed. I retired to prepare a draught for her. That done, I threw myself on my pallet, myself half-distracted with what had passed. The vesper bells aroused me from the lethargy of misery, and summoned me, heaven knows how unprepared! to join in the evening devotions. These past—in coming away from them, we had to pass the dormitory. I listened for a moment at the door. One of the friars, who, more than the rest, had shown a marked dislike, whispered an observation to another upon the circumstance. I turned round—a malicious smile was on his countenance. Forgetful of all, save the indignation which I felt, I struck him to the earth."

"The consequence of this was, that I was confined strictly to my cell. I was not even allowed to see my patient; word was brought me by Hilary of her state, from time to time, and on this information, I was expected to—"

"She became delirious. In vain I represented that, in order properly to treat her madly, I must be admitted to visit her. Ignorance and malice were blind to everything."

"Day after day this continued. Hilary was assiduous in bringing me intelligence, for he alone pitied me. This was observed; he was forbidden my cell, and another deputed to act in his stead."

"You may probably think it was in my power, easily to baffle this rigor, by using my faculty of spiritual visitation. But this faculty I had neglected, for a long period; to exert; and when I essayed it, I found the perturbing passions which had taken possession of me, deprived me of my power. I had no longer the calm self-possession necessary for the enjoyment of the divine science. Like all uncommon powers, it failed me when most needed."

"Why should I linger in my tale! One morning, on awaking, I found Hilary by my side. It was about to inquire how he had obtained admittance, but he motioned me cautiously, to silence; and placing a folded paper in my hand, withdrew on tiptoe."

"I opened it. Its contents ran thus:—
"You will receive this from brother Hilary; but before he gives it to you, the writer will be no more! Its only purpose is to wish you farewell! The reason of your absence I have been informed. Here we have both suffered deeply; that we shall meet again in happiness. I doubt not. Do not—but I know you will not—forget me. Once more, farewell! my last breath will bless you."

"I pass over my feelings on the receipt of this. I determined to escape from the monastery. I did so, and returned in disguise to Strasbourg. My parents and my elder brother were dead. A distant relative had succeeded to the family estates."

"I had known him in youth. I sought him, and he offered me an asylum, which I accepted. I continued with him for two years, in concealment, for the Capuchins were in hot pursuit of their victim. At length I was liberated. The revolution commenced, and the friars were no longer powerful."

"My relation addressed me one day, thus:—
"Freyburg, I am about to join the royal army. In this bag is a sum which, with your habits, will supply your wants; however the struggle ends, I shall not need it."

"I retired hither. With some occasional interruptions during the troubles, I have lived here since. Now we are again at peace; and I abide solitary and unknown, having resumed as you have seen, my ancient studies."

"He ceased; the clock striking, announced midnight. Merle made due acknowledgments for the confidence reposed in him, and rose to depart."

GLUE IMPROVED TO WATER.—If a coating of glue or size be brushed over with a decoction of one part powdered gallate in twelve of water, reduced to eight parts and strained, it becomes hard, and as solid and impervious to water as a coat of oil paint—in fact a kind of leather is formed. It makes a good coat for ceilings to whitewash on, and for lining walls for paper-hangings.

Age of Progress.

STEPHEN ALBRO, Editor.

BUFFALO, SEPTEMBER, 23, 1854.

Having issued this initiatory edition of *The Age of Progress* before it was practicable to proceed regularly with the publication, we find it necessary to have an interval of two weeks in which to make all the necessary arrangements. The next number, therefore, will be issued on Saturday the 7th proximo. In the meantime, we respectfully solicit all our good friends to do as much as they can for us, conscientiously, in the way of subscriptions.

We must have, at least, fifty cents in advance, from city subscribers, and one dollar from those at a distance.

We must beg the favor of our city subscribers, who have not agreed to call for the paper at the publication office, to receive it through the Post office till we make arrangements for delivering it. This we shall do in the course of the next two weeks.

Salutatory.

So exacting are those who constitute the reading public, and so little are they disposed to make allowance for conditions and circumstances, that they will insist on having a salutatory harangue and a declaration of sentiments, from an infant journal, like the *Age of Progress*, which is born to-day; and will throw it down contemptuously and speak of it disparagingly, if it do not talk as eloquently, as learnedly and as sensibly as one ripe with years and blooming with the laurels of a thousand logical victories. Being well aware that it will meet with this kind of reception in very many instances, *The Age of Progress* would make its conge to the congregated public in silence, and talk to its patrons singly, in their retirement; but, on reflection, it resolves to speak its sentiments frankly, though it may be somewhat uncouthly, and depend on the sober second thought of the public to reconsider their hasty decision, re-examine its contents, look for germs of thought which may grow and ripen till they become valuable as intellectual aliment, and look forward to the improvements suggested by its name.

In our prospectus, we have said that we have nothing to do with party politics, but that we will discuss all political measures whose importance seem to us to demand a general expression of sentiment. In doing this it will necessarily happen that we shall be found favoring the position of some one of the factions into which the politicians of the country are divided. In such case, we shall not refrain from expressing our sentiments for fear of being classed with such faction, or of being accused of compromising our party-political neutrality. We intend to speak of what we please and as we please, aiming constantly at the development and defence of the truth, in politics, morals, philosophy and religion.

We shall, in this initiatory number of our journal, tell our readers why we have become sickened and disgusted with party politics. We shall tell why we intend to oppose the election and appointment of papists to office.

Unus to the discussion of the reputed spiritual phenomena, and why we support the affirmative of the question, whether they are or are not really spiritual. We shall tell why we are opposed to the farther extension of human slavery and the admittance of any more slave states into the Union. We shall tell why we are in favor of a law suppressing the liquor traffic, and where we think this measure of moral reform should commence.

We intend to commence the discussion of all these subjects, in separate articles, in this number, that the public may see exactly where we stand, and support us or not, as they think we merit. We shall seek not to be offensive to any citizen or class of citizens; but we shall not be tolerant to prevailing vices for fear of giving offence to those who practise them. We shall endeavor to be courteous and respectful to our brethren of the editorial fraternity, allowing them to differ with us in sentiment, without challenging their sincerity or purity of motive, however emphatically we may condemn and denounce the principles and measures which they advocate.

Whilst we shall be ever ready to listen respectfully to the suggestions of friends with respect to the course we should pursue in conducting our journal, we shall neither stop for a moment nor turn an inch aside to the right or to the left, for fear of being commanded to "stop my paper." We intend to make the paper such that, when a patron stops it in a pet because we happen to step on his corns, he will punish himself much more severely than he will us. Being fully aware that the patronage which we shall receive through personal friendship, though most grateful to our feelings, will do but little toward sustaining our enterprise, we must of necessity make a paper which the people will prefer to the money they will have to pay for it. If we do this our success will be certain. If we fail to do it, our defeat will be just as certain.

Now, reader, having heard our preliminary talk, you will please to proceed and make yourself further acquainted with our principles and positions by reading the several articles which follow, and which we promised you above. By so doing you will confer a favor on your friend and humble servant,

HOME.—Evenings at home, in the enjoyment of the society of those we love, form an important and profitable privilege for the industrious. Home—its joys, happiness and bliss; its loved associations; its blessings!—What cheers so well the merchant, when his daily task is complete, and when the shades of evening beckon him homeward to his cheering fireside, and his cheerful occupants, as the knowledge that such pleasures await him? And to the mechanic, who departs from home at day-break, with can in hand, inclosing the plain and frugal mid-day meal, what so consoling as the hope that his loved ones await anxiously his return to welcome him to their circle? Of such is home—sweetest home, "neath whose portal angels stand to minister, and Heaven lends its aid."

Political Parties.

We have announced, both in our prospectus and in our salutatory article, that *The Age of Progress* will have nothing to do with party politics, nor with political parties or factions, further than to keep an eye on them, and speak of their sayings and doings, their professions and practices, according to what we deem to be their merits and demerits. This will be no hard task for us, as there is not now a party or a faction, or a faction of a faction, that has not passed entirely out of our affections, forfeited our good opinion, and become disgusting to us. Let it be understood that, in saying what we do of parties and factions, it is merely as such that we speak of them, and not as individual men. Wonderful as it might seem to a stranger to our species—a citizen of Jupiter, for instance—men who are men of honor in their capacities of citizen, neighbor, friend and brother, who would seem to fraternize, sympathize or mingle with those of opposite character, in social circles, or in the common walks of life, will suffer their whole characters to be metamorphosed, stoop to acts of moral baseness, scound the truth, outrage principle, crucify conscience, eat shame, and drink at the fountain of corruption, when acting in the capacity of political partisans or factionists.

It is not I that am guilty of these things, says the politician of good moral standing; it is the party that is guilty. The party allows corrupt men to come forward, elbow their way into caucuses and conventions, get themselves nominated by intrigue, run influence, false promises, and every species of corruption. I wash my hands of it, says the respectable politician. I go not near those caucuses or conventions. No, certainly not, but you stand ready to take the ticket from their hands and put it into the ballot box. Thereby you endorse every act they have done. Thereby you sanction the fraud committed by those who prevented a good man from being placed on the party ticket, and nominated one without principle, honor or ability. Thereby you sanction the act of preferring vice to virtue, corruption to purity, incapacity to ability, ignorant impudence to intellectual modesty, double-faced hypocrisy to sound moral integrity.

It is the election of the corruptly nominated candidate, which is the crowning act of the fraud by which the nation, the state, the county or the district, is cheated out of its right to be truly, honorably and ably represented. Staying away from caucuses and conventions, and then accepting the candidates made by them, is neglecting the duty of endeavoring to keep corruption from governing the primary meetings of the parties, and saying amen, and well-done, to every corrupt act. In their adherence to parties and factions as they now exist, and in their sanction of every act that is done by the intrigues and wirepullers, men with good moral characters in all the other relations of life, become *particeps criminis* in all the chicanery and villany of those at whose polluted hands they receive the names for whom they cast their suffrage. Thus whilst the man is honest, fair and straight-forward in all his dealings as an individual, he is a consummate villain in his associated capacity. This is one of the most

of a single citizen with two antagonistic moral characters! Nothing else in natural history is so strangely anomalous as this moral duality in the genus politician.

We have named our paper for what we deem to be a present existing fast. We consider the present to be emphatically an age of progress. But we do not mean to say, or to insinuate, that everything in the present age is progressing upward. Some things which are doomed to perdition, must necessarily take up the retrograde march, and progress backwards, if that be not a contradiction of terms. One of the things which have been long moving in retrograde, and are now swiftly descending to destined perdition is the moral standard of party politicians and leaders of factions. At the rate they are going, it cannot be long that they will hesitate to commit any moral atrocity which they fancy will aid them in the attainment of their ends. Things have been done already, that no one would have believed possible one short year ago; and what another year's backward march will produce, who can tell? It is in view of these things that we have renounced and solemnly abjured all affiliation or connection with political parties and factions of whatever name, stripe, staple or colorological designation.

We have observed for a series of years, that, as parties and factions are and have been constituted, it is and has long been totally impracticable for any party to even nominate its best men to fill the highest and most important offices in the national government. Look at the men whom the democratic party might have elected to the presidency, but for the deterioration of morals which has sunk the party as a party, lower and lower as year has succeeded year, for the last half of a generation. Men might have been led to fill that office, without going out of their own party, who are world renowned for all the qualities that constitute the man and the statesman, and which tend to elevate and dignify the human character. Instead of taking their candidates from this class, they have found it impracticable to unite their strength on one who could justly pretend to any thing higher than third-rate abilities. Such an one they found in 1852—such an one they nominated—and such an one they elected; although, till his name appeared as the nominee of the convention, not one in one hundred of those who afterwards supported him, knew there was such a man on earth. And we think—albeit "It is written thou shalt not speak evil of the ruler of thy people"—we are justified in affirming that the nation was never before enfolded into the perpetration of an act which caused such bitter regret in so large a proportion of the best mind of the country.

The same cause which has wrecked the democratic party, has also foundered the ship of their antagonists. They too have suffered themselves to be led into the darkest corruption of which our elective system is capable, receiving their candidates at the hands of bargaining, trading and shuffling politicians whose eyes are constantly fixed upon plunder; whose tongues

say nothing but lies continually; and whose every breath is a sirocco laden with moral pestilence. Look back at what they have done within the period above named, instead of bringing forward, (as they never did when there was a chance of success,) one of those whose mortal remains now repose in the tomb; and whose immortal and towering intellects are becoming bright particular stars in the spirit realm. Such have been the fruits of that systematized corruption which every partisan has been guilty of participating in, either directly or indirectly.

These are our reasons for totally eschewing party politics in the conduct of our journal; and we hope that they will be as satisfactory to our patrons as they are to our conscience.

American Popery.

We now proceed to redeem another promise which we made in our preliminary talk, which is, to tell why we object to, and intend to oppose, the election and appointment of papists to office, in this country.

Our early ancestors fled from the religious despotisms of the old world, with their inquisitions, their tortures and their faggots, and sought freedom among the savage tribes, in the wilderness wilds of a newly discovered country, where each one might read his own bible, make his own comments, pray his own prayer, sing his own song of praise, think his own thoughts, and hold sweet communion with his God, far from the abominable mummeries which idolatrous priestcraft interposes between man and his Maker, to stupefy the mind and enslave both body and soul. Here they heaved themselves out homes, and plowed, and sowed, and planted, and hoed, and became independent and happy. To them flocked other oppressed ones continually; and, as fast as they came, they became fused and fraternized with the earlier settlers, adopting their habits of living, and offering up their devotions in their own way, according to the dictates of their own consciences. Thus they increased in numbers and grew in grace; and thus they worked, and read, and sang, and prayed, and prospered.

The prosperity of the new world was the theme of all the poor and oppressed in the mother countries; and to be transported hither was the goal of their aspirations. The sorely oppressed and wretched priest-ridden millions of Ireland would all have come if they could. But the ocean was wide, transportation was dear, and but few of them could get here. As fast as they could come, they did come; and whilst they came singly and in small squads, there were no collisions between them and other immigrants on account of their clashing religious faiths. Papists without priests, were, and still are, as ready to mingle and fuse with other denominations as any other sect. But as soon as they became sufficiently numerous in localities, for living to be squeezed out of them, they were followed by priests, sent by the Pope, with authority to take charge of them, do all their religious duties and their thinking, for them, keep them from forsaking the true faith, and make them hand over the change, as fast as the salvation of their souls required it. These papist bishops and priests, as is well known, are all emissaries and tools of the Pope, who is *paterfamilias*, monarch and king, wielding absolute power, both temporal and spiritual, in the Roman States. He claims to be lord of lords and king of kings, and his claim is allowed and sustained by every papist bishop and priest in Christendom, and so must be humbly acknowledged by all the laity; and so absolute is the power of this despot, that his edict commands prompt obedience from every bishop, priest, and layman, wherever located throughout the world, whatever may be the laws of the country of which they have become citizens, or whatever may be the obligations which they have taken to support those laws. Their allegiance to the spiritual and temporal head of the Roman states, is, and must forever remain, paramount to all other obligations; and they all believe that the pope can absolve, and authorize his whole priesthood to absolve, every professor of the Romish faith from any oath of allegiance or obligation of duty which he may have taken under any other power on earth; and they verily believe themselves much absolved as if the absolution came direct from Almighty God.

There was no danger to be apprehended from such citizens whilst their numbers were few; nor did they manifest any disposition to be aspiring till rapidly increasing immigration so swelled their numerical force, that the political parties of the country began to regard them as worthy of consideration, and vied with each other in flattering and courting them for their favor, each offering to share the spoils of victory with them, as inducement to unite with them respectively. They soon discovered, in all the great cities where they were most numerous, that they very frequently held the balance of power, and could turn the scale which way they pleased, if they kept themselves properly organized and united. This very naturally suggested to them the idea that they might just as well have something to say about the choice of candidates; and their native clannishness so favored concerted action, that it was not long before all the primary meetings in the great cities were controlled by them. This had a tendency to make the more ignorant of them intolerably insolent to the natives with whom they were politically associated; and, in many localities in the country, to be an Irish papist, has, for years past, been the surest guaranty of political preferment. The priests, though not as harmless as doves, have been as wise as serpents, in this matter; for, whilst they could at any time wield the Irish catholic laity just as they pleased, (the German catholics are less clannish, and less obedient to the priest-hood,) they have generally refrained from using their power in elections, unless it was for the accomplishment of some important object, having a bearing upon their religious interests. And when this was the case, every Irish papist who had a vote, cast it as directed by him whom he believed to have his soul's salvation in charge. And he who had no legal vote, and could not smuggle one, would never hesitate to use his cudgel, if required to do so.

It has long been evident that the papists in this country are steadily aiming at political supremacy, with a determination to establish a national church, a political priesthood, and a subservience to the church of Rome. However impracticable the design may be deemed by those who make it a jest, no close observer will deny that such an aim has long been evident, not only in the obvious tendency of things in general, but in the direct givings out of some of their less discreet journals.

Widely as the papal clergy, under the direction of his holiness, the Pope, have managed their matters in this country, they made one sad mistake. They made a wrong estimate of the power of their own forces, and the influence they could bring to bear upon the native population, when they made their general onset upon the educational systems of the country. General education is poison to papal power, and papal power is poison to popular education and general intelligence. This fact is too well understood to require argument. Every one who knows anything of popery, knows that the laity are not desired to have education or intelligence, and are not allowed to read the bible for themselves, if they can read. The darker the intellect of the papish laity is kept, the more easy it is for the priesthood to govern them and hold them in their thrall. Hence the crushing of our free educational systems was absolutely necessary to the ascendancy of popery in this country. They waited till they confidently believed that they had attained sufficient power and influence to accomplish their object, and, as the intelligent reader well knows, they made a bold effort simultaneously in every state where free education was established, and where their clans had sufficient foothold to make success probable. It proved—thanks to the intelligence of the people—a signal failure, on their part, and had a tendency to arouse, not only the native population, but all adopted citizens who are not under the papal yoke. This failure, be it understood, is not to be considered a defeat, but an interruption of their plan, causing a delay of its consummation, which they still look forward to, as not only feasible but certain.

Now let us look at the propriety of electing and appointing papists, especially Irish papists, to office in this country. The pope of Rome is an absolute despot, holding in his hands all power, both temporal and spiritual, over the people of the Roman states; and wielding spiritual power, not only over them, but over all papists throughout the world, as we have before remarked. His bishops and priests are emphatically his slaves, let them be where they may, in any part of the world. Whatever is his will, and whatever he bids them do, that they do, and be the consequences what they may. The papal laity are as much the slaves of the bishops and priests, as the latter are of the pope. They believe that the whole papal clergy are *perfect*, and *incapable of sin*. They believe that whatever is done by a bishop or a priest, is sanctified by the holiness of him who does it, however wicked the deed be *per se*. They are taught to believe, and do believe, that the pope is the vicegerent of Christ on earth, and that whatever he sanctions, God sanctions; whatever he condemns, God condemns; whatever sins he forgives, God forgives; and that his bishops and priests, by his delegated power, do everything that he can do. They believe that the priest who officiates at the confessional, is empowered to remit sins and grant absolutions, not for repentance, but for money. They believe that the Holy Ghost is there in his proper person, occupying the physical form of the priest, and that every word and sentiment which proceeds from the lips of the priest, emanates immediately from God. They believe that, not only what the priest does is hallowed in the doing, but that everything he commands to be done, is made holy by the command, let the act itself be however apparently atrocious in its character. They, therefore, believe that the salvation of their souls depends on their obedience to the priest.

Papists, it will be seen, cannot know, and need not know, anything that is in the bible. They need not lift their eyes, their voices, or their thoughts to God. They have no necessity, nor any right, to look higher than to the priest. He has the charge of their souls, and will take care that their sins are all forgiven as fast as they commit them, if the money be forthcoming. If not, severe penance will make them glad to be more provident next time. When they go to the confessional, no secret must be kept back. They must answer every question, let its nature be what it may. Everything between husband and wife must be known to them. All the family affairs which come to the knowledge of the papist servant girl, must be known to the priest. This constitutes a system of espionage, which should make employers cautious how they speak in their presence, and does already begin to make protestants cautious how they employ persons as house servants, who are thus compelled to tell to a priest every word and act which they hear and see.

Now let us suppose that some folly of our government—heaven knows it is a supposable case, at present—shall involve the nation in a war with France. Roman catholicism is the national religion of France. The pope wears his crown, and the head on which it rests, at the sufferance of Napoleon, who picked him up a fugitive, returned him to Rome, reinstated him in power, and keeps him there with a standing army of his own. Let us be at war with this protector of the pope—the potentate, who holds the pope's head on his shoulders for him, and what could he ask of the head of the Romish church, which he would not be ready to grant? What could the one ask which the other would dare to refuse? Bonaparte would say to his holiness, let all your liege subjects in America be armed against the government of that country, and let them turn their bayonets against the people thereof, or I must withdraw my protecting forces and influence from you, and let your people do with you according to their own pleasure. What, then, would be the response of the pope? The response would be, unhesitating compliance and prompt action. As fast as steam could bring it, a papal bull would come, absolving all American papists from their oaths of allegiance to this country, and commanding them to make common cause with France, against the government under

which they live. What would be the consequence of this edict? One of two things must be done by every papist in the country. He must either take up arms against the country, or suffer the anathema marmatha of papal excommunication. It is but fair to say that very many of the German catholic population would sooner encounter the latter than to turn traitor to the country of their adoption. But we fear, from our knowledge of the bigotry, superstition, and religious obsequiousness of ignorant Irish papists, that not one in one hundred of them would hesitate for a moment to choose the alternative of obedience. We dislike to make the distinction which we do between Irish and German papists; but we have had evidence, here in Buffalo, that the latter have found out that their souls and their property are their own, and that many of them prefer freedom, with the pope's curse, to slavery without it; and it cannot be wrong to speak of men as we find them.

These are our reasons for determining to oppose the election and appointment of papists to office. Reader, are we right, or are we wrong? This is a question for you to decide, as we have decided it, by weighing the circumstances of the case, and letting reason and patriotism work together.

The News by the Atlantic.

The European news by the Atlantic is of very little interest. The Austro-Prussian labors of love in the way of procuring a renewal of negotiations between the belligerent powers, seem to have made no impression upon the Russian autocrat. He is willing to a cessation of hostilities, to give time for negotiations, but will give no previous guarantees in relation to his future course towards Turkey.

The harvests in Europe are represented to be more abundant than they have been for many years. Breadstuffs have reached a lower figure than they have stood at since the commencement of hostilities; but the decline had ceased at the sailing of the steamer, and prices were stationary. This was probably owing to the departure of large quantities for the seat of war, or some other temporary cause. Prices have not yet reached the point of depression to which they are tending.

The war news amounts to nothing. The expedition against Sebastopol and the Crimea, must be a very shy one, for they know nothing about it in Western Europe. Everything in the Black Sea, and the Baltic, seems to be "as calm as a summer's morning." Nothing but the wind, disturbs the stillness of the waters, and nothing but the cholera seems to manifest anything like combative; and even this common enemy of the belligerent parties is said to be almost willing to suspend hostile operations.

Victoria, has sent her Dutchman, Prince Albert, to France, to take a drop and have a talk with Louis Napoleon, and the English papers have gone into ecstasies about it.

Christina, the queen mother of Spain, has been banished by the Cortez, and the last accounts represent her to be insane.

A Premonition.

The following is an extract of a private letter to the editor, from a young lady of this city, who has been spending the warm season at Laona, and who is a medium in various ways for spiritual communications. The incident related may be relied on as true to the letter.

"I went with another young lady, to visit a friend, who had a little daughter, of about ten months old. She was a fine, healthy looking child, running about the house in playful and prattling glee, as snuggling and lovely as an opening rose-bud. Whilst sitting by the table, my hand was moved as if required to write. I took a pencil and applied it to a slip of paper, when it drew a little coffin, and the form of a child within it, and then wrote under it the name of the child of which I have spoken above. I concealed the name and showed the coffin and corpse, which the pencil had drawn, to the mother and my friend. They did not seem to regard it as anything worthy of note, and nothing was said or thought about it, till the next day, when the child was taken sick. Then the mother called the incident to mind, and began to fear it was a premonition of her death. Such it proved to be, for her infant, spirit was soon set free, and took its flight to the open arms of Him who said: 'Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven.'"

New Publications.

"PARTY LEADERS; Sketches of Thomas Jefferson, Alexander Hamilton, Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay, John Randolph, of Roanoke, including notices of many other distinguished American statesmen. By J. G. BALDWIN, author of 'The Flush Times of Alabama and Mississippi.'"

This is an octavo volume, pp. 369. The paper and typography are good, and the style of the writer seems to be pleasant. If he has been faithful to facts as he has represented himself in his preface, the work cannot fail to be interesting and useful, containing, as it does, biographical sketches of men whose names can never be blotted from American history or American affections. We have not had time to peruse the work, and therefore cannot speak as to the truthfulness of the author's representations. We cannot doubt, however, that he has been kind to his own conscience, and done justice to himself by doing justice to the subjects of his memoirs.

It is on sale at the book-store of O. G. STEEL, & Co.

DANIEL BOOSE and the Hunters of Kentucky, by W. H. BOASE.

We can only say, in regard to the merits of this work, that what we have seen of it, pleases us; and that the name of that most notable Western pioneer, DANIEL BOOSE, with the justice which the biographer is evidently capable of doing, his memory, cannot fail to commend the work to the favor of all who can be delighted with faithful pictures of such indomitable energy, high-toned honor and more than romantic chivalry, which characterized the Hunters of Kentucky, and all the early western pioneers conspicuously in the front rank of whom stood the subject of this memoir.

It is for sale at the book establishment of MILLER, ORYON & McLEAGAN.

The politicians have now gotten the gubernatorial candidates in the field, and shall enjoy the privilege of choosing between them, or of choosing none of them.

TO CLEAN TIN.—Never use lye to clean tin. It will soon spoil it. Make it clean with sud and rub it with whiting, and it will look new and last longer.

